

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusement, &c.

VOLUMEXXII.

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THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Two dollars per annum, if paid in advance;
and two dollars and fifty cents if not paid in advance.
No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

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Attorneys & Counsellors
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Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.
Office, over Walton's New Store.
April 20, 1864.

J. O. AMOS. | **J. P. SPRIGGS.**
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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office--Two doors north of the Drug Store or old Monroe House.
April 26, 1865.

JACOB T. MORRILL,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Clarington, Monroe County, O.
Will promptly and faithfully attend to all business entrusted to his care. Commissions and amicable adjustment always first sought, and litigation used only at the last resort.
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Dr. W. T. Sinclair
Having resumed the Practice of Medicine, tenders his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.
Residence one door north of Drigg's Store.

DR. J. H. PIERSON
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity. He may always be found ready to accommodate his numerous patrons at the office formerly occupied by T. J. Adams, on Main Street, one door south of Money's store.
May 16, 1865--Ly.

H. P. HAGER.....H. KERSTINE.
HAGER & KERSTINE,
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Persons wishing to purchase will find to their interest to give us a call before going elsewhere.
621 MARQUETTE STREET, NEAR MAIN
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June 19, 1861.

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AND MORTGAGES
For Sale at this office.

Poetry.

A Dollar or Two.

With cautious steps as we tread our way
Through this intricate world as other folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two,
For an excellent thing
Is a dollar or two,
No friend is so true
As a dollar or two.
Through country or town,
As we pass up or down,
No passport so good
As a dollar or two.
Would you read yourself out of the bachelor's
crew,
And for the hand of a gentle divinity sue,
You must always be ready the handsome to do,
Although it would cost you a dollar or two;
Love's arrows are tipped
With a dollar or two,
The best aid you can meet,
In advancing your suit,
Is the eloquent clink
Of a dollar or two.
Would you wish your existence with faith
to imbue,
And enroll in the ranks of the sanctified few,
To enjoy a good name and a well-cushioned
pew,
You must freely come down with a dollar or
two.
The gospel is preached
For a dollar or two,
And salvation is reached
By a dollar or two,
You may sin at some times,
But the worst of all crimes
Is to find yourself short
Of a dollar or two.

An Interview With Forrest--His Version of the Fort Pillow Massacre.

A correspondent of the New Orleans True Delta describes an interview with the rebel General Forrest, at Meridian, Miss. Forrest, he says, is a man of fine appearance; about six feet in height; dark, piercing, hazel eyes; carefully trimmed moustache and chin whiskers--dark as night; finely cut features and iron gray hair. His form is lithe, plainly indicating great physical power and activity. The writer asked, after some preliminary questions:

"Now that you have time, General, do you think you will ever put upon paper the true account of the Fort Pillow affair?"

"Well," said he, "the Yankees ought to know; they sent down their best men to investigate the affair.
"But are we to believe their report, General?"

"Yes, if we are to believe anything a nigger says. When I went into the war, I meant to fight. Fighting means killing. I have lost twenty-nine horses in the war, and have killed a man each time. The other day I was a horse ahead, but at Selma they surrounded me and I killed two--jumped my horse over a one-horse wagon, and got away." I began to think I had some idea of the man at last. He continued: "My Provost Marshal's book will show that I have taken 31,000 prisoners during the war. At Fort Pillow I sent in a flag of truce, and demanded an unconditional surrender, or I would not answer for my men. They refused. I sent them another note giving them one hour to determine. They refused. I could see on the river boats loaded with troops. They sent back, asking for an hour more. I gave them twenty minutes. I sat on my horse during the whole time.

"The fort was filled with niggers and deserters from our army--men who lived side by side with my men. I waited five minutes after the time, and then blew my bugle for the charge. In twenty minutes my men were over the works, and the firing had ceased. The citizens and Yankees had broken in the heads of whisky and lager-beer barrels, and were all drunk. They kept up firing all the time, as they went down hill. Hundreds of them rushed to the river and tried to swim to the gunboats, and my men shot them down. The Mississippi was red with their blood for three hundred yards. During all this their flag was still flying, and I rushed over the works and out the halyards and let it down, and stopped the fight. Many of the Yankees were in tents in front, and they were in their way, as they concealed my men, and some of them set them on fire. If any were burned to death it was in these tents.

"They have a living witness in Capt. Young, their Quartermaster; and I will leave it to any prisoner I have ever taken if I have not treated them well."

An irreverent paragraphist says, that it is related of Jonah, that when he took up his quarters in the whale's belly, he wrote home to his father to come down immediately, as he had discovered a splendid opening for the oil business. The next day he telegraphed the old gentleman as follows:
"Father, don't come; I'm badly sucked in. Plenty of oil, but no market."
This is the first of fish-al account historians give us of the oil business.

A lady was told that her husband, though a good sort of a man, was very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

NINA RAYMOND'S OFFER.

Golden curls and laughing eyes, bounding footfall and a voice full of music, a laugh like the climbing of silver bells, and a tiny figure, little and graceful as the fairy Titania.

This was my love, Nina Raymond. "Be your wife? I never heard of such nonsense in my life! Your wife, indeed? I should as soon think of marrying papa or brother Will,--or--why, I can't think of any other masculine so impossible!"

This was the answer to my suit. "But why?" I persisted. "Why? Why don't a girl marry her grandmother? It's because she gets tired of seeing the old lady around. I can't remember a day that I have not seen your phiz the first thing in the morning and the last thing in the evening. I never went to a party with any other escort. I never was in a scrape but you were my companion in misery, or my shield from punishment. I never did a foolish thing but you were by to laugh and rebuke. Oh! Marston, dear, go and make love to some foreign lady; but don't be so absurd as to marry your cousin, who lived with you under the same roof since she was a baby."

"But all you say only goes to prove my devotion!" "Devotion! You snub me quite as often as you praise. Beside--"

"Well!" "I am only sixteen, and am not going to accept my first offer. And then, Marston, you don't come within a thousand miles of my beau ideal."

"Oh, I don't! Pray describe your beau ideal."

"Tall." "I stand 6 feet one inch." "Handsome, with black whiskers and the manners of a traveler. A man who has not lived his life in this miserable, cramped village, but has seen the world and profited thereby. One who has mixed in distinguished society, and learned refinement of dress and manner, and who can talk of something beside books with a lady."

"Ah! Well, if you won't have me, you won't have me, you won't, so there's an end of it!" I got up lazily from the garden seat where we had been sitting and strolled toward the house. I saw her blue eyes open with amazement at my coolness. I did not mean to desert for her benefit, but I laid my plans for her future education.

Two days later I had left home and gone into the city on a visit. Nina gave me a merry farewell, and did not seem at all broken hearted at the prospect of a separation. If she felt any emotion, she was soon soothed, as the following letter directed to my address convinced me:

"Dear Marston: My hero has arrived! Such lovely black whiskers, not at all like your smooth face, cousin; such jetty curls, not auburn like yours; such black eye brows and lashes--yours are yellow. He has been everywhere, has seen everything, speaks foreign language, and has the most polished manners. He brought a letter of introduction to Will, so, of course, he is here quite often, and seems very well pleased with a certain cousin of yours."

And so on the letter was filled up with home gossip. I read it at the little inn of my native village, where all my letters were directed to "Mr. Alonzo Courtney," followed me. The black whiskers lay on the table beside me, the wig hung from the looking glass, while the dyed eyebrows and lashes still adorned my face. My fine broadcloth suit, cut in the latest city style, my patent leather boots, kid gloves and dandy cane lay on a chair, while I lounged in dressing gown and slippers, before the window, conning my cousin's letter. As I was engaged to drive her out in an hour, I began my elaborate toilet. Every curl was in position and every fold correct, as I rang the bell of my uncle's house, to which my fellow conspirator, Will, had introduced me. No suspicion of my identity crossed my aunt's mind as she gave me polite welcome, and Nina's blinded eyes only saw in Mr. Courtney the traveled dandy.

"I trust I see the rose of Glendale in full bloom," I said, with a bow. "Ah! those fair hands were destined for daintier than this!" and I deprived her of her sewing. "The soft air weaves us. Will you drive with me?"

With a bewitching little flat, and every curl in glossy beauty, she was soon ready for our excursion. I cannot tell all the dainties I poured into her ears, half disgusted at her blushes, and half amused at her innocent pleasure in my exaggerated gallantry. It was the first time I had been alone with her in my disguise, and took occasion to delicately hint at my entire devotion to her charms, and grinding my teeth at her coquettish acceptance of the same.

I saw her every day for a month, pressing my suit on all occasions, and filling her ears with drawing affections and flat descriptions of Italy and France, with broad comparisons of the daughters of Europe and America.

At last I proposed. To my amazement she refused me flat; to my delight she informed me that her cousin Marston was a man, not a dressed up idiot. I do not mean that these were her exact terms, but her warm defense of her cousin, after my sneering hints of jealousy, was fully equivalent to such a declaration.

Of course, my proper self returned radiant and hopeful. Will you believe it? She was as officious as ever when I made my advances. She was coisely and slyly still I was in a fury over her cool case and matter-of-course affection, but would only laugh at my love, and compare me slight-

ingly to her recent admirer, and had the audacity to hint that her heart walked out at the door at his departure.

I was half inclined to quit the field; but I loved the gypsy heartily, and could not give her up. Luckily I had a sun-stroke. Now a sun-stroke is not generally a fortunate event, but for me it opened the way to my present happiness. I was in the garden, hatless, and busy about some fruit which was being gathered, when all the face of nature turned dark, and I fell.

"Marston! Marston! Only speak to me! It is Nina. Oh! Marston, do speak to me!"

Hot tears fell fast on my face. I had been carried into the house, and it was the second hour of my stupor when the doctors struck my ear muffled and dim; but deliciously sweet the dear voice sounded in its agony. Then Will said: "Feel his pulse now, Nina. He is coming round. I will leave you here while I go and bring mother."

I could not move but I could feel her kisses rained on my face, her sobbing regrets for past unkindness, and her low prayers, prayers whispered for my safety. At last I opened my eyes.

With my head resting on her arm, my face raised to hers, and my hand clasping hers, she could not escape. So she surrendered at discretion, and we were married nearly three months before I told her who made her her second offer.

Peace--The "Boys are Coming Home."

From every section of the State--in fact, from every section of the Northern States--comes the pleasing intelligence that conscript boys have been discharged, and that the recruiting and provost marshal's offices are being closed up, and that the armies in the field are being disbanded. The gratification at these glorious indications of a return to peace are hailed by no one [party or class of people, but by all.

There is joy and gladness, in reality, in the land. Not only our families are again reunited, whose stays and protectors had been gobbled up by the remorseless turn of the wheel of chance, but thousands of city and rural firesides are alive and joyous at the news that spread far and near--"The boys are coming home!" The gentle wife who has waited in sadness and tears these long weary months, torn with anxiety and fear at every report of a fresh battle, cheered only after weeks of weary waiting with the welcome letter announcing the glad tidings that he is safe, is now the happiest of the happy, for he is coming home! The little olive-branched, dancing around the mother's knee, clap their hands with glee and shout, "Papa is coming home!" The silver-haired old patriot and his ancient dame, whose weakened limbs scarce served to bear them through each day's anxiety and despondency, seems now braced by a new stay, as, hurrying about among their friends, they announce that "our son--our soldier boy--is coming home."

Every where the faded calf is being killed, not only for the prodigal son but for that brave soldier boy who has served his country well; who has shed his blood; who has lost a limb; and with honorable scars, is coming back from his labors and his sacrifices, to that most blessed of all bright spots on earth--HOME, SWEET HOME. May each brave boy--child of the Republic--live long in the land he has fought so well for, and may the laurels he has ever won never fade or grow less green.

THE SPONGE BUSINESS IN THE BAHAMAS.--The sponge business has become a prominent department of industry. It is almost entirely the growth of the last twenty years, and nets annually about \$20,000. The sponge is fished and taked from the sandy bottom of the ocean, at the depth of twenty, forty, or sixty feet. It belongs to a very low order of the animal life, organization hardly being detected. When first taken from the water it is black, and becomes exceedingly offensive from decomposition. It is so poisonous in this condition that it almost blisters the flesh it happens to touch. The first process is to bury it in the sand, where it remains for two or three weeks, in which time the gelatinous animal matter is absorbed and destroyed by the insects that swarm in the sand. After being cleaned, it is compressed and packed in bales like cotton. The sponge has been applied to a variety of new purposes, and within the past few years has quadrupled in value.

FARMER'S PAINT.--Farmers will find the following profitable for house or fence paint. Skim milk, two quarts; fresh lard, one quart; Spanish white, three pounds. The lime is to be slacked in water, exposed to the air, and then mixed with about one-fourth milk; the oil in which the pitch is dissolved, to be added a little at a time, then the rest of the milk, and afterward the Spanish white. This is sufficient for twenty-seven yards, two coats. This is for white paint. If desirable, any color may be produced. Thus, if a cream color is desired, in place of the Spanish white, use the ochre alone.

The New York Tribune a few days since, entered a strong complaint against the Post Office Department for its neglect in the prompt transportation of mail matter. The editor says that in the past year he has lost over five thousand subscribers by the loose system of carrying the mails, and therefore loudly calls for a reform. There isn't an editor or publisher in the land that will not unite in bearing testimony to the justness of the above complaint.

Soup-houses have been opened in Richmond.

Ireland a Sovereign State of America.

A large and very enthusiastic audience assembled, last evening, and the Academy of Music, to listen to a lecture on the subject of "Ireland a Sovereign State of America," by the Very Rev Dr. Moriarty. The presence of the Academy was decorated with American and Irish flags, and the stage was filled with benches, occupied by ladies and gentlemen. Dr. Moriarty was received with great applause, and proceeded to address a number of cogent arguments why Ireland should be wrested from the grasp of the English Government, and be made a sovereign State of America.

He gave some startling statistics of the present pauperism in Ireland, and pointed out how such a state of affairs could be improved. He alluded to the great taxation and imposition practiced on the country by the British Government during the reign of William III. While mentioning the circumstance that the manufacture of goods was prohibited in Ireland during the reign of that monarch, the lecturer stated that British ships of war hovered around the coast of Ireland to prevent the exportation of woollen stuffs, &c., and catch those employed in making or exporting them.

He trusted that ere long British ships would be again hovering around Ireland's coast for the purpose of catching the Fenians, and he hoped they would catch them, as they would soon be glad to get rid of them. They would find a different work from catching blankets, &c. He said that while Ireland was in a starving condition, under England's rule, it cost an annual sum of £3,000 to supply Queen Victoria's table with eggs. The lecturer said that Britain's rule over Ireland was contrary to every principle of humanity, right, or justice. Her way was like that of a robber or murderer.

He appealed to the well-to-do, well fed and comfortable Irishmen in this country, to rise in their might and redress Ireland's grievances. He said, there is in Ireland a class not found in any other country in the world, namely, destitutes, who are far worse off than paupers, and who are daily dying at the rate of four per minute. He could not imagine what kind of conscience an Irishman has who could swear allegiance to the British Government.

He related, in an amusing manner, how he would receive any layman that came to him at the confessional, and from whom he learned that he had just sworn fealty to the British Government.

The lecturer stated that it was the settled purpose of England to exterminate the Irish race. He quoted from the London Times to prove that a decline of the population of Ireland was a long desired end and object of said Government, and that the English thought it would be attended with beneficial results to the country.

He spoke of the normal physical condition of the Irish people, and believed that, with proper government and equal advantages with other nations, they would become a race that the world might be proud of. Our want of space does not permit us to give more than the above slight sketch of the Reverend Doctor's lecture. *Philadelphia Inquirer, Tuesday May 30th.*

Welching a Hole.

Mr. M., of a certain town in Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of an entire navy. He once bought a large cake of tallow at a country store, at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entering in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaiming:

"How do you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there ain't near so much as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant, "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see, you paid ten cents a pound. Now, Mr. M., how much do you suppose the hole will weigh?"

"No abolitionist has raised his hand against the Government in this war, and only those who adhered to modern Democratic principles have been engaged in the rebellion."--*Age.*
President Johnson says--the bad men of the North called Abolitionists, bad by personal liberty bills in resistance to the Constitution and laws, dissolved their connection with the Union and commenced a Revolution. The old Democracy adhered to their principles, and are now the only party that stand up for the Constitution and the Laws. The "modern" democracy in the South left the old Democratic party a year before the rebellion commenced. But in two years more the Republican party--the author of all our country's woes--will be so dead that the angel Gabriel, with seven trumpets, can not bring it to life again. *Cosh. Dem.*

TO PRESERVE FRESH MEAT.--Keep the meat as long as possible without becoming tainted, then wash it over entirely with vinegar in which a little salt has been dissolved. In this way it can be preserved for some weeks longer, according to the state of the weather. This may be of great benefit to farmers who sometimes have a quantity on hand which they wish to preserve for occasional use.

Corsets may be unhealthy, but they are economical and prevent waist.

Life is but a Span.

Life is but a span--of horses;
One is "Age" the other "Prime,"
Up and down the hill our course is;
"Go in" ponies--"make your time,"
Befuddling piles the whip of pleasure;
Yentful folly gives a stroke;
Manhood goods them at his leisure,
"Let 'em rip, they're tough as oak."
"Hi-yai" there; the stakes we'll pocket,
To the winds let care be sent;
Time 2:40--whip in socket;
"Give 'em string and let 'em wait."
On the sunny road to fifty,
"Prime" is drowned in Lether's stream;
"Age" is left, old, thriftless;
"Life then proves a one-horse team."
"Age" jogs on, grows quite unsteady,
Reels and slacks in his pace;
"Kicks the bucket," always ready,
"Gives it up"--Death wins the race.

Miscegenation in Connecticut.

(From the Bridgeport Farmer.)

For some time past a startling bit of gossip has been in circulation, which has foundation in fact, and is strictly true. We commend it to those of our fellow-citizens now advocating the impious and wicked doctrine of miscegenation, amalgamation and negro equality. We omit the names of the parties out of respect for the feelings of the family of the girl. It appears that one of the wealthy citizens of Bridgeport, has in his employ a darkey of the masculine gender, whom he employed as a coachman, and who has a pretty good opinion of himself, having on several occasions lectured to the people of his color, and officiated as committeeman at several of their gatherings. He is quite "darkly completed"--about the color of a piece of well-seasoned mahogany. The stable in which this fancy "moke" scudges himself is not far from the house in which dwells the family of a strong Republican, who has always been of the opinion that a darkey was as good, if not a little better, than a white man. A member of this family is a girl about sixteen years old.

Upon this girl the lascivious darkey fixed his eyes, and strange as it may appear, a flirtation sprang up, letters followed; the darkey representing himself to be a Cuban, with great prospects of wealth, in store for him, &c.; that although he was dark-skinned, he had a white heart, &c. Thus matters progressed until the darkey arranged the plan of an elopement, when, with a woman's nature, she betrayed the secret. The letter arranging the meeting was found, in which the black scamp urged the girl to get what money and jewelry she could, and meet him at the spot named. Of course a scene followed--the girl, in turn, reproached the father for his course, and told him that she had frequently heard him say that he had no objection to his sons marrying colored girls, or his daughters colored men, if so disposed.

However much the Republican father might have enjoyed this theory, he had no notion of his daughter putting it in practice, and the girl was sent from home to some safe and secluded place. The darkey, however, still sports himself about the streets, is rather proud of his conquest, and is doubtless awaiting the action of the Republican Legislature with calm confidence, that they will invest him with the right to demand this "old man's daughter," or any other whom he may fix his ardent affections. Such incidents as this one, will be of frequent occurrence, doubtless, when the Sons of our General Assembly shall declare that hereafter there shall be equality of races in Connecticut. We wonder if the father we have mentioned, will place his ballot in the box for negro equality, and if he is as strong in the miscegen faith as he was two months ago?

A lady passing through New Hampshire observed the following notice on a board: "Horses taken in to graze. Long tails three shillings and sixpence; short tails two shillings." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of the price. He answered: "You see, ma'am the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short tails are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

Gen. Schofield, of North Carolina, has issued an order, in which he tells the negroes that they must go to work, and that they will not be supported in idleness. The negro now seems to be driven to work, not under the lash of the task master, but under the bayonet of the soldier. That is about all the difference.

The first wife of Jeff Davis, who was a daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, died many years ago. His present wife was a Miss Varina Howell, grand-daughter of Gen. Howell, of New Jersey. She is a comparatively young woman, and has three or four children.

FLIES.--An old lady, who has watched the signs of the times for seventy-nine summers, says house-flies will be more numerous this summer than they have been for nineteen years.

A Richmond letter says a member of the English Parliament has offered Gen. Lee a splendid residence in London and a sum of money, the interest of which would support himself and family for life.

ALREADY more than 1800 claims for damages by the war have been filed at Washington by citizens of Virginia. The claims amount to over \$50,000,000.

The Colonel's Mistake.

In the bustling and important town of Quagville, Cooshoatate water is not to be found, and Col. Foot, of that place, has no oyster. The water in his well is hard, and will not "wash." Neither is it very good to drink--at all events, the Colonel seldom tastes it, but always, when he is thirsty, walks over to the Quagville tavern, where the water is much better--either because there is less lime in it, or because the young man behind the bar has a way of putting something into it that makes it palatable.

One evening last summer, the Colonel was tormented with thirst, and stepped into the tavern for his accustomed drink, with the bar-tender's peculiar ingredient in it, before returning home. He reached his home just in time to escape a pouring rain. Mrs. Foot, who had retired, heard the unsteady footsteps of her husband, upon whom the tavern water sometimes produced an extraordinary effect, and spoke to him: "My dear, is it you?" "Yes, my dear," articulated the Colonel, with affected gaiety.

"Does it rain?" asked Mrs. Foot. "Yes, my dear," said the Colonel; "it's springle"--meaning there was a little sprinkle.

"My dear," said Mrs. Foot, "you have been drinking?"

"One glass, my dear," said the Colonel. "One glass!" echoed Mrs. Foot. "Accompanied with others," thickly said the Colonel. "But don't think I'm drunk."

"Well, if you're not drunk," said Mrs. Foot; "please to set the wash-bowl under the eave-spout, and you'll have soft water to wash in, in the morning."

"Yes, my dear," replied the Colonel. Flattering himself that he had arranged to catch the rain water as deliberately and rationally as if he had drunk nothing but that innocent liquid for the last twenty-four hours, the Colonel undressed and went to bed. The next morning, however, Mrs. Foot was considerably excited in her own mind at finding the wash-bowl in its place on the stand.

"You were drunk, my dear, as sure as the world!" said Mrs. Foot.

"Didn't I put something under the eaves?" replied the Colonel. "Then I forgot it. But I wasn't drunk, my dear."

There was a trifling dispute between this amiable pair, the Colonel stoutly maintaining the fact of his perfect sobriety, until he began to look for his boots. One of them was missing. It was a most extraordinary circumstance. No--he did not leave it at the tavern, as Mrs. Foot suggested; somebody must have broken into the house during the night, and stolen it. Still the Colonel was unwilling to admit the imperious charge of inebriety. Suddenly Mrs. Foot uttered a scream.

"So it is--fast my dear. I was never so lost in my life!" muttered the humbled Colonel.

The boot was under the eave-spout, full of water. Mrs. Foot thinks she had the best of the argument.

Landladies and Lodgers.

There is an English story told of a learned Cambridge professor, which has always filled us with the highest respect for his courage and conduct. Finding that his college bed-maker was continually abstracting his tea, and being aware of what weight of evidence some females can resist, he determined to let her know he had found her peccadillo out without the chance of contradiction. He bought two pounds of tea, placing one in his saddy, and secreting the other in a drawer; he drew from the latter store so much as was necessary for use, but never touched the former; the contents of the saddy decreased daily, and in grateful proportion, and at last, while he sat a little left, Mrs. Brown, the bed-maker, declared his tea to be out. "Well," exclaimed her master, producing his remnant in great triumph, "I declare, Mrs. Brown, that your pound has not lasted as long as mine has!"

A REPUBLICAN VIEW OF MILITARY COMMISSIONS.--Hon. Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, the ablest Republican member of the House of Representatives, in a speech to that body on the 2d of March, thus alluded to Military Commissions:

"This is not a court at all, but an unlawful combination of transgressors, usurping the functions of a court, guilty of a crime, and not exercising any authority."
On the 11th of February, 1864, the Hon. Thomas Tyler Beaudin, a representative from Virginia, having risen to announce the decease of the gentleman who had been elected to succeed him, at the moment was struck by the hand of death, and after a momentary struggle, fell, and in a few moments expired. Judge Beaudin's wife was in the gallery of the House at the time, and was a beholder of the appalling scene.

The wheat crop in the South-western counties of Michigan, is represented by correspondents, to look very promising. The late spring last fall, on account of the protracted drought saved it from an attack of the fly, and a continued covering of snow during the entire winter, so well preserved it from the usual effects of the season; that it now presents every appearance of bringing an abundant harvest.

Decora, a famous Winnebago chief, died recently at Lincoln, Wisconsin, aged one hundred and thirty-three years. He aided the United States in the Black Hawk war, and was rewarded by General Jackson with a small United States flag. He kept it as long as he lived, and now it waves over his grave.